THEY DO NOT TALK.

But Are Mighty Interesting Creatures, All the Same

OUR ANIMAL SYMPOSIUM.

What is Going On in Their Broad Domains.

THE FUNNIEST THING'S A FROG.

He's Twice as Funny as He Looks, if People Only Knew It-To Begin with, He is Bullt That Way Exteriorly-Then, He is a Humorist of the lirst Water-Furthermore, a Protean Artist of Splendid Equip. ment-The Process of His Bevelopment into the Versatile Creature That He Is

It is newhere of record that the alleration. 'The funniest thing's a frog." has ever been denied, although there is no evidence that the man who made it really knew how funny a frog actually is. The probabilities are that he had been impressed with the frog's comical proeminence simply by observation of his external architecture as he posed in adult pleture-queness on a log. He noticed, of course that a frog is so built that all the neck he has is the top of his head. He couldn't have failed to observe that the frog's mouth begins where his shoulders leave off. If the observer didn't note that the frog has to watch out when he sits down or he may poke his eye out with his big toe, he failed to enjoy one of his favorite's best low-comedy hits. And whon it dawned upon him, as it must have dawned. that the drum of the frog's ear is worn on the outside of his head, being attached to the gable end of his upper jaw, he was of course satisfied that no further evidence was necessary, and he was ready to take the world into his confidence and utter that famous declaration about the frog's incontestable claim to be placed on record as the funniest thing that is. Yet even the stenographer's notes: halo of drollery that surrounds the frog at this ripe period of its existence is as funereal gloom ompared to the humor of his younger days. This observer, whose sententious commen-

tury has passed into a proverb, shouldn't have been content with the humor of which the capable. He should have gone back to the time when the frog was but a protoglastic atom, involuntarily cruising along the border of some marshy pond, where the muskrat burrows among the logs and the wild flag waves its lances to the passing breeze, and whose

cot some marshy point, where the muskrat burrows among the logs and the wild flag waves its lances to the passing breeze, and whose presence is worth at least \$2.50 a day to the adjacent dispenser of quinne. He should have sought out that gluthous molecule. Fe never would have suspected it a frog. He never would have suspected it a frog. He never would have believed that one day that inert richolute wealth be humped up on a beg snapsdag at lifes and voicing bases protunds screamed to the still believe that the head of all short for any of the evolution of a thoroughbred racer from a wooden saw-horse. But that is just what that globule is there for, and if this insufficient observed in declaring that a frog's place is at the head of all embodiment of humor, animate of head of all embodiment of humor, animate of his most dool surprises, and he next appears in most dool surprises, and he next appears in most dool surprises, and he next appears in from its head like the anders of a deer, and the digestive apparatus of a grassicoper, and the digestive apparatus of a grassicoper to this, the content of the grassic decrease and the digestive apparatus of a grassicoper, and the digestive apparatus of a gras

in store for him when he suddenly sprouts another pair of legs, and the observer finds that,
aithough the first ones had their rois close
behind the polliwor's ears, they were, nevertholess, its hind legs, and that the new legs
pop out should of them, and, of course, are the
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is make-ub, so that he canother change of
his make-ub, so that he another change of
his make-ub, so that he cashed minered
the two sucker mouths, and takes on a new
mouth that reaches clear across his face, and he
looks up and smiles an expansive sinile.

During all the time that the frog masquerades as a polliwog he gorges himself on a
strictly vegetable diet, and if he had been
scooped out of the water and kept out a few
minutes death would have claimed him for its
own. But when he has got through with his legshow he trades off his gills for a pair of lungs,
changes his fish-heart for the heart of a reptile,
discards his grasshopper intestinal arrangement for a regular set of animal digesters, and
hauls himself out of the water on to a box, or
monthle shore among the rusies, and cocks
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would have found that the frog is such a devil-may-care sort of chap that he carries his idea of a joke plumb into his vitals, so that if a person is so disposed he can becave the frog of his lungs, thinking to end his career there and then, but the frog laughs in his sleeve, so to speak, and keeps right on living. He has his skin made so he can breathe through it in case of emergency, and such fattriling thing as losing a pair of lungs don't worry him a bit. When he was a merry polliwog it would have been his death to have kept him long above the water. When he has abandoned everything pertaining to the jocular embryonic days he will die if he is kept long beneath the water.

So there is your frog. You may call him fish, reptile, or animal, as you please, He is a little of all three. But whatever he may te, the funniest thing's a frog. And the better you're acquainted with him the funnier he is.

HARPOONING GRIZZLIES.

Daniel Sexton's Remarkable Bear Stories,

BANNING, Cal., April 25.—The title of boss. bear killer of North America never has been definitely and finally conferred. Grizzly Adams achieved wider notoriety than any other man in his line, but that was because he caught the bears alive and made a show of them. Sylvester Scott of Sonoma county, with his record of over 400 bears, whose exploits were described in Tuy Suy last year seemed to be entitled to the appellation, and even Morgan Clarke did not dispute the claim, although he has been a mighty destroyer of bears.

But Daniel Sexton of San Bernardino, whose modesty has kept him in the background for many years, now comes to the front with some of the most remarkable bear stories ever heard. Mr. Sexton's claim to recognition is not based upon mere campfire yarns or country-grovery experiences. All that he says is sworn to on the witness stand in the United

States District Court, Mr. Sexton was a witness in the suit of John Morongo and others against Messrs. North and Gird, a case involving the title to the Potrero village and lands in San Bernardino occupied for thirty years by the Indians, who have failed, through ignorance, to conform to the land laws. Mr. Sexton was cross-examined about the condition of things on the disputed land thirty years ago, and developed either a tenacious memory or a fertile imagination. Counsel, to test his accuracy, put the simple question: "Were there a great many bears in those years?" and started Mr. Sexton on a series of reminiscences that were highly interest ing. The following report is from the court

Mr. Sexton-Oh, yes. I went out one evening from my camp and I counted fifty bears within gunshot of me, eating cherries.

Q.-Wild? A .- The hears? No, they were not wild; they didn't scare at anything. Oh, you mean the cherries. Yes, they were wild cherries. the bears didn't know anything about being hurt and were not wild. They weren't scared of the Indians, because the Indians never

Ellied bears. O .- What variety of bears were they?

A.-Grizzlies.

"You wouldn't believe that there's a lizard out that hair's built so that it can file its tail off as easy as you snap yer fingers, and then set right in and grow another one inside of a week, would ye? Hardly, ye wouldn't. But that's the kind of a lizard that sproits out thar, and the fun of it is that there is in't nothin't fietcher, a chubby little English woman, lives a mile and a quarter from this town. Herbushand is the village cobbler, and as cobbling is a rather uncertain means of livelihood during the summer months. Mrs. Fletcher devotes a portion of her time to the raising of chickens for market. Her broilers have a well-earned reputation among the hotels and cottages nere. They come early and they come high, but there are only enough left over at the end of the season for the functions of motherhood for the next year's cron. Along in January Mrs. Fletcher begins the sotting of hens, and keeps on setting them until about the middle of Crops and keeps the stock young and fresh. This system gives her a rotation of crops and keeps the stock young and fresh. The mother hens brought forth the regulation number of broods at the regular times during the present season. Mrs. Fletcher never took better care of her chicks. A smaller number than usual were missing. This was partleuiarly the ensured that the first of her was for some time unable to account for the mysterious disappearance of so many of her young Dorkings and Plymouth liocks. She began to investigate, and one day she saw large bird swood down and gather up a pullet that was almost fit for the spit, She thought, the high was a hardef of season, the house of such and the season to investigate, and one day she saw large bird swood down and gather up a pullet that was almost fit for the spit, She thought.

would not have been so precipitate. When he took hold the bird clutched one of his legs in one of its talons and hooked the other talon into a section of the boy's coat.

The little fellow was gone, and as the talons went into his legs he tightened his grip. Mrs. Fletcher, now thoroughly frightened, gathered both boy and hawk into her arms, and ran with them to the house. When she resched there she put down her burden. Her plucky son was still clinging to his hold, but the hawk had let go. He was dead, and the boy was a hero, with three or four wounds on one of his legs. Mrs. Fletcher forgot her own injuries, picked up the gun, and returned it to its owner with her thanks and the story of her accomplishments as a markswoman.

The next morning, when Mr. Fletcher came to the village he brought along the bird. Presenting it to the local bird fancler and proprietor of Johnson's grocery, he said:

"Fre. Johnson, ere's a awk."

"Hawk, the devil!" replied Johnson: "why, man, that's an eagle."

And so it was; a genuine bald or white headed Halictus leneocephalus. The bird measured seven feet and six inches from tip to tip of wings, and weished, after about a month of feasting upon Mrs. Fletcher's Plymouth Rocks and Dorkings, exactly thirteen pounds. The eagle is now in the hands of a taxidermist, and will upon its return depose the long-necked blue heron from the post of honor on the cheese cage.

A MAN FROM THE LOOTHILLS. Homesick for Some Cheerful Tropical Prod-

uets, He is Headed for Bermuds. "D'ye know whar I come from, stranger?" said a thin man with big whiskers and a wide-brimmed white hat." "Course ye don't. I'm jest in from the foothills of the Sierras. D'ye know whar I'm headed fur? Bet ye don't! I'm p'inted straight fur Nassau and Bermudy, Never out among the foothills, I reckon? Thought ye wasn't. It's a great country. But there hain't no centipedes out thar. I missed the centipedes. I was kind o' used to 'em, havin' spent a year or two with 'em down in Bermudy and Nassau. Another drawback to the foothill country is that it's a little short o' scorpions. Thur's a few out thar, but not enough to make it cheerful, and it'd have been a trifle dull for me if it hadn't been for the tarantulies. Know what a tarantuly is, don't ye? Course ye know that.

"Guess ve never see one o' them big spiders. though, did ye? Thought not. They size up first-rate out on the adobe grounds of the Sierra foothills, but they ain't more'n half as big as tarantulies is in Bermudy and Nassau. I've seen 'em down thar as big as your hat. But I guess they hain't got no more fire in their jaws than the foothills tarantuly carries, their jaws than the foothills tarantuly carries, Tarantulies is thick as flee out that 'mong the foothills. When the nights is warm they saily out on the promenade so numerous that ye have to watch out or yell stop on some of 'em and hurt'em. Many a fine mornin' I've got up and seen tarantuly hair enough on the ground to temper a square rod o' mortar. It's hair they shed in free fights 'tween themselves durin' the night, You might walk over the adobe grounds of the foothills for a month and wouldn't notice ye was walkin' over a tarantuly settlement. Maybe ye'd see what ye thought was a dead leaf or a piece o' dirt make a sauden flip kind of a movement, but the chances is that ye'd think it was owin' to the wind a stirrin' somethin' or other on the ground. I'll bet that's what ye'd think. But it wouldn't be the wind a stirrin' somethin or other on the ground. I'll bet that's what ye'd think. But it wouldn't be the wind a stirrin' somethin. It'd be the trap deer of a tarantuly's den closin' shet. A good many folks'd think, when they dirst see a tarantuly's den, that it's a dice box somebody's dropped. I'll bet you'd think so yersed, now. 'Tarantuly's don't ye never go and pick one up, thinkin' ye'r found a little curiosity, or ye'l see that ye'r found a curiosity bigger'n a hear, and maybe there won't be whiskey enough in yer flask to out-pizen the pizen the tarantuly has socked into ye. But when ye see what ye might think was the wind a stirrin' his trap door. He's been a-pecking out at ye, and, not likin' yer cut, has shet himself in, and ye can bet he's holdin' the door, too. That door is fitted on to the den by a hinge on one side. It's made out o' leaves and sticks and dirt, which he goes out on the war path or on the mash. Illed I stand on the corners by the hour, strokin' down his whiskers with some of his paws—and a tarantuly is close on to all whiskers and paws—and watchill' over the service of the part of the Tarantulies is thick as flies out thar 'mong

a reg far dude on the mash. He is stand on the corners by the hour, strokin down his whiskers with some of his paws—and a tarantuly is close on to all whiskers and paws—and watchin out for lady tarantulies. When one comes along toward whar he stands, he'll pull his chin whisker and strike a posish and kinder skin his eye sideways at Miss Tarantuly as she promenades up his way. If she passes close enough to him he'll shoot out one of his long forelegs at her and give it a little twitch, and draw it back quick, just as if he war flirtin' with her and savin. 'Oh, you sassy thing, you! I'll strike ye real hard!' Wouldn't hardly believe that, would ye? Course ye wouldn't; but it's true as some preachin! I've heard. But it's when the tarantuly of the adobe ground foothills comes home that he's great. He comes home with a rush. He sails up on the dead run, and before ye can begin to see how he home with a rush. He sails up on the dead run, and before ye can begin to see how he does it he throws that door o' his n open and is inside o' his shebang with the door shet and locked quicker'n the brown lizard or the foot-hills can shake off its tail. That! Thar's somethin', too, that helps to drive augwee off, out thar 'morg the foothills. "You wouldn't believe that there's a lizard out thar that's built so that it can flip its tail off as easy as you sans yer fugers and then

the flow of blood, and on Tuesday of this week he came over to Scranton and told the writer about his strange adventure.

WHY THE ROY DIDN'T COME HOME.

What It Was that Screamed at Night in the Crumkorn Woods.

SCRANTON, May 4.—Four miles south of Steddardsville, in a forest of several hundred acres, the screams of a wild beast have frequently been heard for three years past. Two years ago last winter a female panther was shot by Hiram Cole, who had been hunting for bears in the midst of the ferost. Cole and the rest of the people who live within sight and hearing of the woods then believed that the panther he had slain was the beast whose screams they had occasionally heard in the dead of hight. For two manks after the sears is the start had bear whose screams they had occasionally heard in the dead of hight. For two manks after that the lagrant had bear burst at that efficient many had occasionally heard in the old bear killer found that he had met his match at last, and he gave filmself upon the heard heard heard he heard heard the heard he heard heard the heard he heard heard

STY PAGES

| Second Company of the c extended in skirmishing order, at the saino time keeping up a rolling sound with their mouths and splashing the water.

"The whales were gradually driven into shoal water, and then began the attack. First one man in his kinck would make a rush forward and drive in his harpeon, and then nanter would follow suit. Each harboon has a bladder filled with nir attached to the end, so that it will float if it should fall out of the whate. The line and order kept by the Indians was something wonderful. They nover got in each other's way, and no two men would over make a rush for the same whale. Each man carried but one harpoon, and when these were all exhausted they attacked the mammais with their spears. When they were all killed they resembled porcupines more than anything else.

"The wonner's part of the work then came in. They first of all gathered up all the harpoons and then pulled out all the spears. As each spear, was withdrawn a blow ripe was pushed into the wound and the men blew into it, after which the opening was tied up. When every wound had been treated in this manner the while resembled n great windbag and fleated high in the water. It was thus easily towed around exposite the village.

On our way back the natives were very quiet, as the said: If other whales are about and was an once landed a hig fellow with light tackle. Frequently I have taken them on an eightouse shall and any is too long to take in landing one fish.

DICK ALLEN'S ORDEAL.

From the Washington Critic.

Few Washington people know what a wolverine is. They know that Michigan is called the Wolverine State and that Michigan people are called Wolverines. But they have little or no idea why the State was so named or what

are called Wolverines. But they have little or no idea why the State was so named or what the neckname means.

The State is named after an animal that used to infest, and still frequents, the dense woods in the northern part of the State, as well as in the woods of northern Wisconsin and Canada. This animal is the wolverine, or, as the varieties of him found in northern European countries are called, the glutton. They are savage beasts, these wolverines are, and they play sad have with the cattle of the Michigan farmers. They are like a cross between a wolf and bear. They are so selumely then bears, though and they are climb trees. Many a hunter has walked under a tree up in Michigan without leoking for a wolverine in the tree first, and the wolverine dropped down on him from call the lower limbs, and before the next morning had him eaten up, buckskin breeches and all, even to the heels of his hunting boofs, they had land one ther bears and and the wolverine dropped down on him from call covering the lower limbs, and before the next morning had him eaten up, buckskin breeches and all, even to the heels of his hunting boofs. They are ugly looking beasts, the only pretty thing about them being their busky tail, a foot or so long. Their claws are longer and sharef than one der bears and and so they don't have them in circues and zoological garden with is a susticious that it is almost impossible to care a them alive, and so they don't have them in circues and zoological garden with is a susticious that it is almost impossible to care them alive, and so they don't have them in circues and zoological gardens, and most people don't know what they are. They are so savage and so wary and a too-pro-

MIDDLEBURY, Conn., May 4 .- Otto Ellis, & farmer who lives near the Bradleyville station. toned well in his yard. This is in negord with the custom in places where wells furnish all the drinking water for the family, the theory being that the flah devours the insects and provents the accumulation of all flith in the left depths. When Mrs. Ellis wanted water she usually lowered a pail or bucket, tipped it with 4 skilled twist of the wrist, and brought it up brimming. But the other day she was in such a harrs that she lowered the big family tea-settle, brought it up, charged on the cover, and in the minutes it was singing merrily over the block-wood fire. Nothing unusual was notice!